



CHARLIE CHAN



ALL NEW MYSTERY
ADVENTURES of

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No. 6

10¢

CHARLIE CHAN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

IS JUST LIKE
NUMBER ONE SON
TO MAKE RECKLESS
JUMP FOR JET-
PROPELLED MURDER
SUSPECT-- WHEN
ROAD BLOCK UP
AHEAD WILL STOP
HIM AS WELL!

AH HOPES THEM
PEARLY GATES IS
OPEN, **BOSS**...CUZ
IT LOOKS LIKE
WE'S GONNA **ZOOM**
RIGHT THROUGH 'EM!



EARL DERR BIGGERS'
WORLD FAMOUS DETECTIVE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

CHARLIE CHAN

CONFUCIUS SAY---

"MOTIVE FOR MURDER IS LIKE MOUNTAIN...CANNOT BE HIDDEN! BUT WISE MAN SEEKING TRUTH WILL WALK SOFTLY---LEST CULPRIT DECIDE THAT ONLY A BODY CAN---

SEE NO EVIL!"

POP! WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

MOST UNFORTUNATE! HO-LIN KNEW NAME OF MURDERER--- SHOULD HAVE REVEALED INFORMATION TO POLICE! NOW, CAN ONLY SHARE INFORMATION WITH HONORABLE ANCESTORS!



SOUTHWEST OF THE PHILLIPPINES LIES THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO. ISLANDS OF ALL SIZES NESTLE LIKE GREEN EDENS ON THE BLUE SEA. BUT EVERY EDEN HAS--ITS SERPENT...



ON THE TINY ISLAND OF KELA, A SERPENT STRIKES! AND THE NEWS FLASHES ACROSS THE WIDE PACIFIC TO THE CONTINENT OF AUSTRALIA---

SO--BAD NEWS TRAVELS SWIFTLY AS MODERN JET PLANE! IS IT NOT SO, INSPECTOR?

YOU NOTICED WHEN THE RADIOGRAM WAS SENT, EH, CHARLIE? ELGIN RADIOED US AN HOUR AFTER THE BODY WAS DISCOVERED!



VERY EFFICIENT. BUT YOU DID NOT SEND FOR ME TO DISCUSS EFFICIENCY, INSPECTOR.

NO, CHARLIE, I'M GOING TO ASK A FAVOR! KELA HAS NO POLICE FORCE, SO I HAVE TO SEND A MAN!-- BUT I'M RATHER SHORTHANDED AT THE MOMENT...



SO YOU WANT POP TO HOP DOWN THERE AND INVESTIGATE! SURE, INSPECTOR... WE'LL BE GLAD TO!

NUMBER ONE SON'S ENTHUSIASM FOR CASE OF MURDER GREATER THAN RESPECT FOR HONORABLE PARENT! NOW, AS FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING CASE...

THERE ISN'T MUCH, I'M AFRAID. THERE ARE A HUNDRED NATIVES AND CHINESE AND THREE WHITE MEN ON KELA. IT'S JUST ONE BIG RUBBER PLANTATION! SWAN, THE DEAD MAN, MANAGED IT FOR PACIFIC RUBBER-- THAT'S IT!

IT IS LITTLE, BUT FRIEND WHO DOES NOT SAY YES WHEN ASKED FOR HELP IS USELESS AS CURDLED MILK! BUSINESS HERE IS FINISHED. WILL TAKE ASSIGNMENT!

THE TRIP BY SEAPLANE DOES NOT TAKE LONG. TWENTY HOURS LATER, THE PLANE SITS DOWN IN KELA LAAGOON, AND SOON, A NATIVE CANOE IS BEACHED...

MISTER CHAN! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE! I'M ELGIN. THE AUSTRALIAN POLICE RADIOED THAT YOU WERE COMING!

MAN! -- DID THOSE CRAZY EVENING GOWNS! I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE IT HERE, POP!



PLEASE TO PUT EYEBALLS BACK IN SOCKETS! THESE PEOPLE ARE DYAKS. ONCE MADE HABIT OF SHRINKING HUMAN HEADS! EVEN MISERABLE ONES SUCH AS YOURS! DO NOT WASTE TIME IN CHATTER...

THIS IS JINGALA, MISTER CHAN--- HE'LL TAKE YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS, THEN HE'LL BRING YOU OVER TO THE COMPANY OFFICE! I'LL GET THE OTHERS...



OTHERS?

WILSON AND ENRIGHT. THEY SUPERVISE THE PLANTATION... I WORK IN THE OFFICE--I'M AN EXPEDITER, WHAT YOU'D CALL AN EFFICIENCY EXPERT! SEE YOU LATER...



ELGIN STRIDES BRISKLY AWAY, DESPITE THE HEAT, AND IT IS ONLY A SHORT DRIVE TO THE GUEST'S QUARTERS-- A SHOWER IS WELCOME. BUT THEN, THERE IS THE DRIVE TO THE COMPANY OFFICE, AND SUDDENLY...TROUBLE!



POP! LOOK-- LOOK AT HIS BACK! SOMEONE GOT HIM WITH A POISONED DART!

LOOK LATER! KILLER KNOWS TRAILS... WE DO NOT! WE GO ON. WISE MAN DOES NOT CHASE SHADOWS!



THERE ARE TWO DEAD MEN NOW. LATER, AT THE COMPANY OFFICE, CHARLIE SEEKS AN EXPERT OPINION...

THERE'S NO DOUBT, MISTER CHAN... THEY'RE IDENTICAL, DARTS FROM A NATIVE BLOW-GUN. POISONED! THEY WORK IN SECONDS. THE USER... HAS TO BE A NATIVE!

ELGIN KNOWS, MISTER CHAN-- HE'S AN EXPERT ON THE ISLANDS! I GUESS THAT CLEARS US, ANYWAY. IT TAKES YEARS TO LEARN TO USE A BLOW-GUN!



PERHAPS, TELL ME, MISTER WILSON, WERE THERE THREE FLOWERPOTS ON THIS DESK... UNTIL MISTER SWAN WAS KILLED?

THREE--? WHY, YES... COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE WERE! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?



MISSING POT LEFT RING ON DESK TOP. PERHAPS BROKEN BY FALLING BODY OF SWAN! YES... POT FELL HERE. SPECKS OF EARTH CLING TO CARPET. SUSPECT DID NOT REMOVE ALL...

SUSPECT? ARE YOU SAYING THAT WHOEVER KILLED SWAN STOPPED TO CLEAN UP A BROKEN FLOWERPOT?



REALLY, MISTER CHAN, I'M NOT A DETECTIVE... BUT EVEN A MERE EFFICIENCY EXPERT KNOWS BETTER THAN THAT!

MAN WHO KILLS IS TENSE, MISTER ELGIN-- MAY DO STRANGE THINGS! NOW... I WILL ASK QUESTIONS, PLEASE... ABOUT MISTER SWAN!



BUT THE ANSWERS LEAD DIRECTLY TO A BLANK WALL...

MISTER CHAN, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! JUST WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE... THAT SWAN HAD ENEMIES? HE DIDN'T... EVERYBODY LIKED HIM!

CERTAINLY NOT, MAN WHO PLACE POISONED GART NEATLY BETWEEN SHOULDER BLADES OF MISTER SWAN!



SO SORRY TO SEEM SO SUSPICIOUS OF YOU THREE, BUT IN MURDER, POLICEMAN SEEKS INFORMATION FROM ALL SOURCES! TELL ME, WHO ON ISLAND WOULD KNOW MOST OF NATIVE GOSSIP?

WHY, THAT WOULD BE HO-LIN! HE RUNS THE LOCAL GAMBLING HOUSE AND BAR, DOWN BY THE BEACH!



THE DIRECTIONS ARE GIVEN AND SOON CHAN AND SON SIT IN A NOISY, SMOKE-FILLED ROOM, BUT THEIR VISIT SEEMS FRUITLESS...

NO! I KNOW NOTHING! I TELL NOTHING! THERE IS NOTHING TO TELL!

HONORED COUNTRYMAN IS UPSET. THIS HUMBLE ONE REGRETS HAVING MADE HIM NERVOUS... SO WILL NOT INSIST UPON ANSWERS!



ROVING SON WILL ACCOMPANY PARENT, NOW-- AND **FORGET** PRETTY FACES! OUR BUSINESS HERE IS FINISHED.

HEY, POP--- TAKE IT **EASY!** I WAS ONLY TRYING TO **HELP OUT!** THIS CHICK KNOWS SOMETHING...



SHE WORKS HERE... AND SHE SAYS SHE **SAW SWAN** HERE THE DAY HE WAS KILLED! HE WAS IN HO-LIN'S OFFICE --HE WANTED HIS MONEY **BACK!**

HIS MONEY? YES, THIS IS A GAMBLING HOUSE... AND ONE MUST HAVE MONEY TO GAMBLE... **MUCH** MONEY! WE GO TO SEE MISTER ELGIN...



SOON, CHAN IS WITH ELGIN--- AND SOON AFTER THAT HE IS IN THE COMPANY OFFICE **AGAIN---**

IT'S INCREDIBLE, BUT-- YOU WERE RIGHT! THERE'S A **SHORTAGE...** A **BIG ONE!** BUT ALL OF US WORKED ON THESE BOOKS-- NOT JUST SWAN!

BUT ONLY ONE **EMBEZZLER!** ONLY ONE GAMBLED AND LOST LARGE SUMS. SWAN! PERHAPS IT WILL BE BEST TO RETURN TO HO-LIN'S-- HE WILL KNOW!



THE RETURN TO HO-LIN'S PROVES TO BE A **SHOCKER!**

SOMETIMES THE **DEAD** SPEAK IN VOICES THE **LIVING** DO NOT UNDERSTAND, MISTER ELGIN-- THE ANSWER IS HERE...WE HAVE ONLY TO FIND IT!

DEAD! JUST LIKE SWAN AND JINGALAI! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! WHY WOULDN'T HE TELL YOU IT WAS SWAN WHO GAMBLED AND LOST? NOW-- HE **CAN'T!**



BUT THAT IS EASIER SAID THAN DONE. FOR DAYS, CHAN PROWLS THE PLANTATION, PERSISTENTLY SEARCHING, PROBING---



FOUR DAYS GO BY. FIVE, THEN CHAN CALLS A MEETING IN HIS QUARTERS---

AH--WE ARE ALL HERE...GOOD! I HAVE CALLED YOU TO TELL YOU THAT---I AM ALMOST CERTAIN THAT THE KILLER IS **NOT** A NATIVE!

NOT A NATIVE? THEN--IT HAS TO BE ONE OF US! YOU'RE INSANE! WHY WOULD ANY OF US KILL SWAN? OR JINGALAI? OR HO-LIN?



CORRECTION, PLEASE, DID NOT ACCUSE ANY OF YOU! SAID ONLY--I AM **ALMOST** CERTAIN! DEATHS ALL TIE TOGETHER, IF ONE FACT ALTERED, FACT THAT SWAN WAS **EMBEZZLER!**

BUT HE WAS...WE KNOW THAT!--THE GIRL AT HO-LIN'S--- YOU SAID SHE HEARD SWAN DEMAND HIS MONEY BACK--- A LOT OF MONEY!



TRUE. HOWEVER, SUPPOSE GIRL MISUNDERSTOOD? SUPPOSE VISIT OF SWAN TO HO-LIN'S REVEAL TRUE IDENTITY OF EMBEZZLER? SUPPOSE SWAN DEMANDS RETURN OF MONEY? IF HO-LIN REFUSED... SURE HE DIDN'T TALK! THAT'S WHY HO-LIN WAS SCARED!



NUMBER ONE SON AT LAST SHOWS SMALL SIGN OF INTELLIGENCE! TWO MURDERS, AND A THIRD... JINGALA'S... TO MAKE IT SEEM THAT A NATIVE WAS THE KILLER! BUT NO MATTER... GUILTY MAN'S IDENTITY IS HERE!



IS VERY SAME! THIS PERSON SOUGHT IT, AND FOUND IT! CASE NOW SIMPLE! ON ONE PIECE IS FINGERPRINT OF KILLER. TOMORROW WE FINGERPRINT EVERY MAN ON ISLAND! THEN ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MATCH THE FINGERPRINTS! I--SEE...



IN THE ENSUING SILENCE, EACH PONDER'S HIS OWN THOUGHTS. THE MEN FILE OUT... AND CHAN CAREFULLY RE-WRAPS HIS PARCEL---

POP, I DON'T GET IT... WHERE'D YOU FIND THIS THING, ANYWAY?

THAT IS MY BUSINESS! BE CERTAIN THAT YOU DO NOT UNWRAP PARCEL, PLACE IT IN MY ROOM. I WILL STAY HERE... I WISH TO THINK!



ALONE, CHAN STANDS LOST IN THOUGHT FOR A LONG MOMENT. ONLY THE JUNGLE NIGHT SOUNDS CAN BE HEARD. THEN THERE IS ANOTHER SOUND... A SOFT, DEADLY HISS!



A MOMENT LATER, ALL IS AGAIN SILENT. A SHADOWY FIGURE CLIMBS THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW, MOVES ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARD A DOOR... AND STOPS SHORT...

SO! THIS HUMBLE ONE GUESSED CORRECTLY! YOU ARE THE GUILTY MAN! SO GORRY, BUT CHAN IS NOT YET DEAD. THREE INCHES OF CLOTH WRAPPED ABOUT THE BODY WILL STOP EVEN DART!



YOU EXPECTED ME! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

GET GOOD RESULTS, YOU ADMIT, ALMOST FROM THE FIRST! ONLY ONE KIND OF MAN WOULD KILL -- AND THEN STOP TO PICK UP A BROKEN FLOWERPOT... A VERY PRECISE... A VERY EFFICIENT MAN!



A MAN SUCH AS YOU, **MISTER ELGIN!** AN EXPERT IN NATIVE CULTURE, WHO WOULD KNOW HOW TO USE A BLOW-GUN! YOU COME FOR FLOWER-POT... NO?

YES!! YOU'RE CLEVER, CHAN!! I UNDERESTIMATED YOU... BUT YOU MADE A MISTAKE, DIDN'T YOU? YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO HAVE A GUN, TOO!



HUMBLY CONFESS TO THIS! STILL, THIS LIMITED ONE MADE CERTAIN **PREPARATIONS!** EXAMPLE... IN PARCEL WITH BROKEN PIECES OF FLOWERPOT IS NOTE TO NUMBER ONE SON, ASKIN... HIM TO RETURN HERE...

YOU **DISAPPOINT** ME, CHAN!-- EVEN IF I BELIEVED YOU--I HEARD YOU TELL HIM **NOT** TO OPEN THE PARCEL-- REMEMBER?



TRUE, BUT NUMBER ONE SON HAS LONG NOSE! BEST WAY TO MAKE HIM OPEN PARCEL WAS TO **FORBID** SAME! EVEN NOW, HE STANDS BEHIND YOU!



AND IF YOU THINK POP'S KIDDING -- YOU'VE **FLIPPED**, BUSTER!



GOSH! SO IT WAS ELGIN! HE WAS THE EMBEZZLER! HE WAS A SMART ONE... BUT WE SURE COOKED HIS GOOSE! WE MAKE SOME TEAM, EH, POP?

TEAM-MATE WILL FIND ROPE IN TABLE DRAWER. TIE UP KILLER-- AND THEN PUT SEAL ON WAGGING TONGUE!



OKAY-- HBY, POP, WHAT GOES? THAT'S EVIDENCE YOU'RE DUMPING! THAT FINGER-PRINT WILL PROVE ELGIN KILLED SWAN AND THE OTHERS!

FINGERPRINT? BROKEN FLOWERPOT BEARS NO FINGERPRINT! THIS HUMBLE ONE TOLD SMALL LIE! BROKE FLOWER-POT HIMSELF... BUT KILLER DID NOT KNOW THAT!



TRULY, IT IS WRITTEN--- MAN WHO SPINS WEB OF MURDER MUST NOT BE SURPRISED IF STRANDS OF WEB ARE WOVEN INTO ROPE WHICH HANGS HIM! IS IT NOT SO?



MEN! WOMEN! BOYS! GIRLS!

YOURS

FOR ONLY 1¢

THIS STUNNING ASSORTMENT OF 21 ALL-OCCASION GREETING CARDS! YOU WON'T BE ASKED TO RETURN IT!

Just to prove how easily a few spare hours CAN EARN YOU \$50 CASH!

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed ALL-OCCASION CARDS. And also show how quickly you can make \$50.00 in cash profit — and even more — just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making:

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CHARLIE CHAN

IN ANCIENT WRITINGS
IT IS NOTED---
"EVEN THOSE WHO TAKE
LIVES OF OTHERS ARE
THEMSELVES ONLY..."

PAWNS OF PERIL!"



THE PLACE IS ENGLAND...THE
TIME... AN AFTERNOON IN
FEBRUARY. THE FOG IS
THICK, OPPRESSIVE. ONLY A
SHRIEK OF AGONY OR TERROR
IS NEEDED TO FILL OUT THE
ATMOSPHERE OF EERINESS...



**NO... NO!
IT CAN'T BE!!**

**INSPECTOR
MASON!** YOU
GOT HERE JUST
AT THE RIGHT
MOMENT! CAN
YOU SEE IT,
TOO?

I SEE... SOMETHING...
SOMEONE WHO LOOKS
LIKE **JEFFREY CAR-**
NAMAN, YOUR NEPHEW!
BUT-- HE'S DEAD-- HE
DIED IN AUSTRALIA
TWO YEARS AGO,
BY DROWNING... A
SUICIDE!



BUT NOW --- THE "SOMETHING" IS GONE. LIKE A WRAITH -- A SHADOW -- MELTING INTO THIN AIR! THOSE WHO SEEK, FIND -- NOTHING...

SIR WILLIAM -- THIS IS CHARLIE CHAN AND HIS SON. HE WAS IN MY OFFICE WHEN YOU CALLED ME AT SCOTLAND YARD!

CHAN HAS SEEN MANY THINGS, BUT NEVER A GHOST! SO SORRY TO INTRUDE... YOU WILL FORGIVE MY CURIOSITY?

FORGIVE? IF YOU'RE CHARLIE CHAN, THE DETECTIVE, YOU'RE MOST WELCOME! I CALLED INSPECTOR MASON BECAUSE WE'RE OLD FRIENDS, BUT ANY ASSISTANCE FROM YOU WILL BE DEEPLY APPRECIATED!

OH, COME NOW, SIR WILLIAM --- YOU DON'T REALLY THINK THAT WAS JEFFREY'S GHOST! THOUGH IT WOULD BE LIKE THAT YOUNG BLACKQUARD TO RISE FROM THE GRAVE TO HAUNT US!

YOUNG CARNAVAN GREW UP HERE, CHARLIE. SIR WILLIAM RAISED HIM... BUT HE WAS A BAD ONE! HE SWINDLED HIS FRIENDS AND RAN AWAY TO AUSTRALIA! NOW SIR WILLIAM BELIEVES HE HAS RETURNED, AS A GHOST. AFTER SUICIDE, BODY OF YOUNG MAN WAS RECOVERED!



NO! YOU'VE HIT THE NAIL RIGHT ON THE HEAD, MISTER CHAN -- I DON'T BELIEVE THAT JEFFREY IS DEAD! THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR THE INSPECTOR. I THINK HE'S AFTER THE LORENZO FORMULA!

THAT'S A FAMILY LEGEND, CHARLIE! LORENZO WAS SIR WILLIAM'S ANCESTOR, AN ALCHEMIST WHO IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE FOUND OUT HOW TO MAKE GOLD!

NOT MAKE GOLD, INSPECTOR! LORENZO LEARNED HOW TO TRANSFORM BASE METALS INTO GOLD AND HID HIS FORMULA HERE IN THIS CASTLE!

BROTHER! THESE COSTUMED CATS ARE ALL CANDIDATES FOR THE LOONEY BIN! -- NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING. I BET THEY ALL THINK THEY'RE NAPOLEON!

BUT THE EXPLANATION FOR THE ODD COSTUMES IS SOON FORTHCOMING ---

SO... HONORABLE CARNAVAN ANCESTORS WILL LEAVE FORMULA TO DESCENDANTS IN YOUR GUESTS IN STRANGE COSTUME ARE ALL BLOOD RELATIVES?

YES, YOU SEE, LORENZO HAD MANY TALENTS! AMONG OTHER THINGS, HE WAS A CHESS PLAYER... HE HAD THAT FLOOR LAID LIKE A GIANT CHECKERBOARD!



AND WILL SAYS -- WHEN ALL OF CARNAVAN BLOOD ASSEMBLE IN CARNAVAN BALLROOM AND STAND UPON PROPER SQUARES, SECRET WILL BE REVEALED!

THAT'S RIGHT! -- I KNOW THIS SEEMS STRANGE TO YOU, MISTER CHAN, BUT WELL, I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THE PAST! THE INSPECTOR WILL SAY I'M... ECCENTRIC!

BUT I'M NOT, I ASSURE YOU! I JUST THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FASCINATING TO RECREATE THE PAST... SO I SENT FOR ALL THE CARNAVANS --- OUTFITTED THEM --

AND NOW, WHEN YOU ARE READY TO ATTEMPT TO UNRAVEL SECRET, GHOST OF BLACK SHEEP APPEARS! YOUNG MAN WOULD SHARE IN FORMULA -- IF ALIVE!



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WHY, NOT ACCORDING TO THE WILL, ONLY **DIRECT DESCENDANTS** OF LORENZO WOULD SHARE THE VALUE OF THE FORMULA--- **MYSELF AND FOUR OTHERS!**

I STILL THINK WHAT WE SAW WAS A GHOST! WHAT DO YOU THINK, MISTER CHAN?



BUT FOR THE MOMENT, CHAN SAYS NOTHING. THE WEIRD COMPANY, EACH IN THE COSTUME THAT SUITS HIS TRADE OR PERSONALITY, BREAKS UP. CHARLIE AND THE INSPECTOR MAKE A TOUR OF THE CASTLE...

NOTHING. NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING UNUSUAL...

INSPECTOR! I THINK--- LEEDS IS DEAD!



WHANG--GG!

CHARLIE! HE'S BEEN STABBED! HE'S DEAD!

THIS ONE, ALSO! IT WOULD, PERHAPS, BE WISE TO ASSEMBLE GUESTS FOR QUESTIONING!--- ALSO SERVANTS AND YOURSELF, SIR WILLIAM--



OF--OF COURSE! BUT-- MISTER CHAN, YOU DON'T SUSPECT ME? I--I WAS RIGHT HERE WHEN THE SECOND MURDER HAPPENED-- YOU SAW ME!

MAN JUMP AT CONCLUSION... BUT SOMETIMES, CONCLUSION JUMP AT MAN! HAVE NOT ACCUSED YOU, SIR WILLIAM... PLEASE TO ASSEMBLE GUESTS!



BUT CHAN'S QUESTIONS GET NOWHERE. NOR DOES THE INSPECTOR HAVE BETTER LUCK. LATER, CHAN SLIPS FROM THE ROOM...

POP, I DON'T GET THIS! WE'VE LOOKED OVER EVERY TIN SUIT AND SHIELD IN THIS ROOM-- WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR, ANYWAY?

TRUTH, LIKE STRONG SWIMMER, ALWAYS RISE TO SURFACE! HAVE ALREADY FOUND SAME--



WELL... I'LL BE AN ACHING ALCHEMIST! WHAT'S THAT?

QUIET! OLD WALLS SOMETIMES HAVE EARS... YOU WILL SPEAK TO NO ONE OF THIS!-- I WISH TO EXAMINE FIND! RETURN TO OTHERS. KEEP THEM AWAY.



FOR AN HOUR, CHAN PUZZLES OVER WHAT HE HAS DISCOVERED---



... AND AS HE PONDERES, SLITTED EYES WATCH INTENTLY. THEN, THE SHIELD IS RETURNED TO ITS PLACE ON THE WALL AND A THOUGHTFUL CHAN RETURNS TO HIS ROOM...

HI, POP! SAY, YOU KNOW SOMETHING? I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE THIS PLACE! YOU KNOW THAT MAID? HER NAME'S FAN LI-- PRETTY, HUH?

OFFSPRING HAS BEEN WITH SERVANT GIRL! SO! **MONKEY REMAIN MONKEY WITH OR WITHOUT TAIL!**

AW, POP LAY OFF! ALL I WAS TRYING TO DO WAS SEE IF I COULDN'T DIG UP SOME DOPE ABOUT WHO MIGHT HAVE RIGGED UP THAT GADGET!

YOU TOLD GIRL ABOUT SHIELD? YOUNG FOOL! WHERE IS HER ROOM? TELL ME QUICKLY!!

WHY-- RIGHT AT THE END OF THE HALL-- HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

POP-- IT'S THE GHOST!

HE GOT AWAY! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WE DO NOTHING--- HE WILL NOT LINGER! **MOUSE DOES NOT MAKE NEST IN EAR OF CAT!** WAKEN GIRL... SEE IF SHE'S BEEN HARMED!

BUT THE GIRL IS UNHURT. THAT NIGHT, CHAN AND SON STAND GUARD AT HER DOOR. IT IS DAYLIGHT WHEN THEY RETURN TO THEIR OWN ROOM.

GAS! (CHOKE)... POP, IT'S GAS! THE ROOM IS FULL OF IT! THE GAS HEATER! I TURNED IT ON LAST NIGHT!

OPEN WINDOW!

PHEW! CHAN! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

SOMEONE ATTEMPT TO DISPATCH THIS HUMBLE ONE AND MISERABLE OFFSPRING! ONLY BY GOOD FORTUNE THAT WE DO NOT SLEEP IN ROOM!

THE STORY IS SOON TOLD--- BUT CHAN DOES NOT TELL ALL OF IT. NOT THEN, NOR EVEN WHEN HE REPEATS THE TALE, LATER.

BUT-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHAT HAS **FAN LI** TO DO WITH ALL THIS? WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL HER?

THAT ONLY KILLER AND THIS HUMBLE PERSON KNOW! BUT CULPRIT WILL NOW BE DESPERATE... WILL KILL AGAIN UNLESS PREVENTED!

I SECOND THAT!
AND THERE'S JUST
ONE WAY TO
PREVENT IT! BY
US GETTING
OUT OF
HERE!

IDEA IS
GOOD, BUT
DANGEROUS!
KILLER MIGHT
FOLLOW, CLAIM
OTHER VICTIMS.
NO SUSPECT WILL
CEASE ONLY IF
MOTIVE IS
DESTROYED!



SIR WILLIAM HAS BEEN
MOST KIND TO ALL HERE!
NOW, PERHAPS YOU CAN
REPAY FAVOR!

IF LEGEND IS
TRUE, QUESTS
HAVE ONLY
TO STAND ON
PROPER
SQUARES IN
BALLROOM,
AND FORMULA
WILL BE
REVEALED!

AND IF IT
IS... THE
KILLER'S
HOPES OF
GETTING IT
FOR HIMSELF
WILL BE
GONE... IT
MAKES
SENSE!



THERE ARE DISSIDENT VOICES.
BUT IN THE END, CHAN-- AND
SCOTLAND YARD-- PREVAIL!

THIS IS SILLY! WE'VE
TRIED A HUNCREO
DIFFERENT
COMBINATIONS!
AND OO WE
HAVE TO WEAR
THESE
COSTUMES?

THE COS-
TUMES OO
NO HARM, AND
THEY ARE
PLEASING TO
SIR WILLIAM! AT
LEAST HE WILL
HAVE THAT MUCH
FOR HIS TROUBLE
AND EXPENSE!



NUMBER ONE SON WILL STEP
UPON THAT SQUARE NEXT--
IN TIME, DESIRED ARRANGEMENT
WILL BE FOUND!



AW, POP, I FEEL LIKE A
YO-YO! YOU'VE GOT ME
BOUNCING AROUND
FROM ONE OF THESE
DOOHICKEYS TO THE
OTHER UNTIL I'M
DIZZY...

INSPECTOR--
LOOK! WE'VE
DONE IT! THE
LEGEND MUST
BE TRUE!
THAT CASKET!
THE FORMULA
MUST BE
INSIDE...



CREA-A-AK!
THANKS...
FOR FINDING
IT FOR ME,
UNCLE!

SO...THE GHOST IS
NOT A GHOST! YOU
WOULD BE JEFFERY
CARNAPAN. I HOPED
THAT YOU WOULD
APPEAR YOU ARE
A MOST
ACTIVE
CORPSE!



SUICIDE ISN'T
TOO DIFFICULT
TO FAKE,
MISTER CHAN!
I DIDN'T DARE
RETURN TO
ENGLAND AS A
LIVE MAN... SO I
CAME AS A
DEAD ONE!

TO FIND THE
FORMULA,
OF COURSE!

EXACTLY! --- I
WASN'T QUITE
SURE IT REALLY
EXISTED... BUT I
WAS DOWN ON MY
LUCK! IT WAS WORTH
A TRY... NOW, I'LL
TAKE IT AND BE
ON MY WAY!



NO! YOU CAN'T...



FOR A SPLIT SECON. THE "GHOST" IS OFF GUARD... AND THAT SPLIT SECOND SPELLS HIS DOOM!



YOU--YOU MURDERER! INSPECTOR--PUT THE HANDCUFFS ON HIS WRISTS!

BIRD WITH ONLY ONE WING CANNOT FLY! NO NEED FOR HANDCUFFS, SIR WILLIAM... YOUR NEPHEW WOULD BE THIEF... BUT NOT MURDERER!



MURDERER IS FAR CLEVERER MAN THAN ONE WHO WOULD ATTEMPT TO STEAL FORMULA BY PLAYING PART OF GHOST! MAN--LIKE YOU!

LIKE--ME? YOU ARE MAD! WHY WOULD I WANT TO KILL ANYONE... AND HOW COULD I BE THE MURDERER? I WAS WITH YOU WHEN LEEDS WAS STABBED!



CORRECTION, PLEASE! LEEDS ALREADY DEAD WHEN HE FALL INTO ROOM... BODY HELD UPRIGHT BY STRONG WIRE ATTACHED TO DEVICE BEHIND SHIELD ON WALL!



OBSERVE, INSPECTOR. WIRE LEAD TO SPRING. OTHER WIRES LEAD UNDER FLOOR TO BUTTON ON CARVING ON BALUSTRADE! WHEN WE COME DOWN STAIRS, SIR WILLIAM TOUCH BUTTON... SPRING IS ACTIVATED...

AND THE WIRE SNAPS BACK AROUND THE REEL! THAT WAS THE TWANGING NOISE! OF COURSE, WE WERE HIS ALIBI!



YES, NOTE ALSO, DEVICE WAS RUSTED! WAS PREPARED MONTHS AGO... LONG BEFORE GHOST APPEARED! APPEARANCE OF GHOST WAS STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE FOR MURDERER!

I SEE--- WHAT YOU MEAN! THE ASSEMBLING OF THE CARNAVANS, THE MASQUERADE... IT WAS ALL PART OF A PLAN... A COVER-UP... TO HIDE THE REAL MOTIVE!



SIR WILLIAM PLANNED TO KILL THE OTHER HEIRS-- AND WHEN THE GHOST APPEARED, HE HAD A MADE-TO-ORDER VICTIM TO TAKE THE BLAME!

EXACTLY!-- YOU ARE A WEALTHY MAN, SIR WILLIAM... THE ONLY CARNIVAN WHO IS STILL WEALTHY! BUT THE PROMISE OF THE FORMULA WAS TOO MUCH FOR YOU... IS IT NOT SO?



IT WAS YOU WHO KILLED TWO MEN, WAS IT NOT?-- BECAUSE THEY WERE AMONG THE FIVE HEIRS! AS YOU ATTEMPTED TO KILL THE GIRL, FAN LI, YOUR SON MADE THE MISTAKE OF TELLING THE GIRL ABOUT THE SHIELD! I OVERHEARD--- SO THE THREE OF YOU HAD TO BE SILENCED!



YOU'RE A CLEVER MAN, MISTER CHAN--YOU KNEW AS SOON AS YOU LOOKED BEHIND THAT SHIELD WHO THE KILLER WAS, DIDN'T YOU? BUT YOU WAITED TOO LONG TO MAKE AN ARREST!



I STILL WIN! I'LL STILL HAVE THE FORMULA! ALL OF IT!



POP! THE CEILING... IT'S STARTING TO FALL!

QUICKLY-- STAND ASIDE! YOU WILL BE CRUSHED!

DO YOU REALLY THINK ME SUCH A FOOL, MISTER CHAN? YOU'D LIKE ME TO LOOK UP, WOULDN'T YOU? THEN--YOU COULD RUSH ME, AND--



IN A SPLIT SECOND, ANOTHER LIFE HAS BEEN SHUFFLED OUT! SLOWLY, THE ANCIENT DUST SETTLES--

HE MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED INSTANTLY! THIS PLACE IS OLD. THE BEAMS PROBABLY ROTTED LONG AGO... WHEN THE OLD MACHINERY STARTED UP, THE STRAIN WAS TOO MUCH!



POP---LOOK! THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE THIS BOX! JUST...DUST!



ONLY--DUST! IF THERE EVER WAS ANYTHING INSIDE...IT'S FALLEN AWAY TO NOTHING PROBABLY HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!

THEN THE KILLINGS... SIR WILLIAM'S DEATH, WERE ALL... FOR NOTHING?



ALL...FOR NOTHING! HOW WISE WAS THE PHILOSOPHER WHO SAID--- MAN WHO WOULD CLIMB TO FORTUNE OVER BODIES OF OTHERS, BUILDS LADDER WHICH LEADS ONLY DOWNWARD--TO GRAVE!



THE END



CHARLIE CHAN

VANYA!!
HOLY SMOKE,
POP--- IT'S
VANYA! AND
SHE'S GOT A
GUN!

MAN WHO WOULD
KEEP HEAD
SHOULD NOT PLACE
SAME IN JAWS OF
TIGRESS! MISERABLE
OFFSPRING IS CONTENT?

IT HAS BEEN
TRULY WRITTEN---
"EVIL ONE WHO
PREPARE TRAP
FOR OTHERS
SOMETIMES
STUMBLE
INTO OWN..."

"PITFALL"

IT IS A GRIM, RAINY DAY IN
HONOLULU. THE CLAN OF CHAN
SITS AT DINNER... BUT THE
BUZZ OF THE DOORBELL
INTERRUPTS THE FAMILY MEAL--
AND, SUDDENLY THERE IS AN
UNINVITED GUEST IN THE
HOUSE... DEATH!

--- BOMB--
DESTROY--
PORTLAND--

POP!
WHO
IS
HE?

UNFORTUNATE ONE
IS JEFF LEROY--
DETECTIVE ON
HONOLULU POLICE
FORCE. SHUT DOOR,
QUICKLY. MAN WHO
SEND HIM TO JOIN
ANCESTORS MAY BE
NEARBY!

ANCESTORS? BULLET HOLE
HE--HE'S UNDER HEART
DEAD? AND LACK OF
BREATHING INDICATE
SAME! CALL HEAD-
QUARTERS. OTHER
BIG AND LITTLE CHANS,
OUT! NOT SIGHT FOR
YOUNG EYES!



CHAN SHOOTS HIS FAMILY OUT. THEN HE
AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF A CRIME-LAB
CREW--AND THE PUZZLE BEGINS...

"BOMB--DESTROY--
PORTLAND! CHARLIE,
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
OBVIOUSLY, LEROY
STAGGERED HERE
BECAUSE YOU LIVE
NEAR THE WATER-
FRONT, BUT---

BUT WORDS MAKE
NO SENSE, YOU
MENTION WATER-
FRONT, INSPECTOR.
LEROY WAS ON CASE?
AT WATERFRONT?



YES, IT WAS A MINOR THING!
ALL I CAN FIGURE IS THAT
HE STUMBLED ON SOMETHING
BIGGER... BUT WHAT?
THE ONLY PORTLAND I
KNOW IS IN OREGON!

NO, OBSERVE,
INSPECTOR--
THROUGH THIS
WINDOW, WHAT
DO YOU SEE?



WHY, I SEE THE BAY,
SOME SHIPS, AN
AMERICAN CRUISER--
THAT CRUISER,
CHARLIE! THAT'S
THE PORTLAND!
OUR BIGGEST
AND NEWEST
BATTLEWAGON!

HAVE ALREADY
RECALLED
THAT FACT--
WORDS NOW
MAKE SENSE...
PERHAPS BOMB
ABOARD PORTLAND.
SABOTAGE, IT WOULD
BE WISE TO MAKE
CERTAIN... NOT SO?



WITHIN AN HOUR A SWARM OF BLUE JACKETS IS
COMBING THE PORTLAND FROM STEM TO STERN.
BUT NO BOMB IS FOUND.

NOTHING? BUT
IT'S GOT TO
BE ABOARD!

AREN'T YOU BEING JUST A BIT
MELODRAMATIC, INSPECTOR--?
BOMB, INDEED! IF YOU'VE SEEN
ENOUGH, WE'LL GO ON DECK. I
SAIL IN AN HOUR!



HONORABLE CAPTAIN
SEEMS MOST CERTAIN
BOMB IS NOT ABOARD,
YET COLD WAR WITH
RED GOVERNMENT
VERY REAL! WOULD
EXPLAIN REASON
FOR CERTAINTY?

I SHOULDN'T,
BUT-- VERY
WELL... YOU
MAY AS WELL
KNOW! THE
PORTLAND IS
CARRYING
CIVILIANS
PASSENGERS
ON THIS
VOYAGE!



THERE ARE FOUR PEOPLE
ABOARD, REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE VERY GOVERNMENT
YOU SUSPECT, ON A PEACE
MISSION TO
WASHINGTON!

WE'RE CARRYING
THEM AS A
COURTESY--
THE REDS
WOULD HARDLY
KILL THEIR
OWN PEOPLE!

GOVERNMENT
WHICH SEEKS
TO DESTROY
A WORLD, WOULD
NOT HESITATE
TO DESTROY
OWN CITIZENS,
IF PRIZE BIG
ENOUGH!



REPRESENTATIVES COULD
EASILY HAVE BROUGHT
SMALL BOMB ABOARD
IN LUGGAGE!

SMALL-- BUT
POWERFUL--
YOU HAVE
GEIGER
COUNTERS
ABOARD?

SO NOW
IT'S AN
ATOM
BOMB, EH?
VERY WELL--
GENTLEMEN--
THIS WAY! IF
IT WILL MAKE YOU
HAPPY, YOU CAN
PLAY WITH THE
GEIGER COUNTERS
UNTIL WE SAIL!



BUT THERE ARE OTHERS ABOARD THE PORTLAND WHO ARE ALSO INTERESTED IN THE GEIGER COUNTERS... VIOLENTLY INTERESTED!

ENOUGH! SOMEONE IS COMING!



WELL... TROUBLE, CAPTAIN?

MISS ORLOV! NO--NO TROUBLE. JUST A--A ROUTINE MATTER! THIS IS INSPECTOR CHAN--



CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

THOSE ARE THE PEOPLE I TOLD YOU ABOUT, CHAN. THE WOMAN IS VANYA ORLOV. AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE, I GUESS I WAS WRONG ABOUT THEM!

NUMBER ONE SON WILL REMAIN AND NOT CHASE PRETTY SMILE! ATTRACTIVE KITTEN NICE TO LOOK AT, BUT SCRATCH IF NOT HANDLED WITH CARE!



GEIGER CLICKS GROW LOUDER WHEN PASSENGERS APPROACH... FAINTER WHEN THEY LEAVE! ONE OF FOUR RECENTLY EXPOSED TO RADIATION! THEIR QUARTERS HAVE BEEN SEARCHED?

IMPOSSIBLE! THOSE QUARTERS ARE DIPLOMATICALLY IMMUNE, INSPECTOR CHAN-- JUST LIKE THEIR OWN COUNTRY! YOU CAN SEARCH ANYWHERE... BUT NOT THERE!



CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

MY-- HEAD! SOMEONE-- SLUGGED ME-- FROM BEHIND!

INTRUDERS FRIGHTENED AWAY BEFORE DAMAGE COMPLETE. ONE GEIGER INTACT-- STRANGE-- GEIGER CLICKS!



CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

THE GREAT DETECTIVE. I KNOW. I SAW HIM COME ABOARD. WE WILL NOT DISTURB YOU, INSPECTOR CHAN. IT IS A GREAT PLEASURE TO HAVE MET YOU!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! --I MEAN-- THE PLEASURE IS OURS!



CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

TIME IS RUNNING OUT. THE NEXT HOUR IS AS FRUITLESS AS THE FIRST... BUT THE HUNT IS NOT YET OVER. WHEN THE PORTLAND UPS ANCHOR, SHE CARRIES TWO ADDITIONAL PASSENGERS...

WHY, INSPECTOR CHAN-- HOW NICE! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE STILL ON BOARD!

LIKE BAD PENNY, POLICEMAN USUALLY TURN UP WHERE LEAST EXPECTED! YOU WILL PARDON US, YES? WE HAVE MUCH TO DO!



NO LUCK, MISTER CHAN?
I'VE HAD THE CREW
PRACTICALLY TAKE THE
SHIP APART, BUT WE
HAVEN'T FOUND
A THING!

NOR I. IT IS A MOST
UNCOMFORTABLE
SENSATION---**LIKE
SITTING ON BARREL
OF DYNAMITE WITH
LIGHTED FUSE OF
UNKNOWN LENGTH! ANY
MOMENT--BOOM!!**

**AND WHAT A BOOM
IT WILL BE! POP,
WHY DON'T WE TAKE
A CRACK AT VANYA'S
QUARTERS? WE'VE
LOOKED EVERYWHERE
ELSE... THE HECK
WITH REGULATIONS!**

MEANING---YOU DESIRE
CLOSER ACQUAINTANCE
WITH PRETTY LADY?
YOU WILL KEEP DISTANCE,
ANT NOT CAUSE
INTERNATIONAL
INCIDENT! -- EVEN IF
GUILTY LADY WOULD
NOT BE FOOL ENOUGH
TO HIDE BOMB IN
QUARTERS!

SO...THE HUNT GOES ON,
ALL THAT DAY AND INTO
THE NIGHT--

THE HUNT GOES ON---BUT
SOMEBODY DISAPPROVES!



IT IS AN HOUR BEFORE NUMBER ONE SON MISSES
HIS FATHER AND COMES SEARCHING FOR
HIM, WITH THE OFFICER OF THE DECK---

**THE GEIGER
COUNTER!**
THAT IS WHY--
I WAS
ATTACKED...

WE'VE RADIOED FOR OTHERS,
MISTER CHAN! THEY WERE TO
BE FLOWN OUT TO US BY HELI-
COPTER, BUT THIS STORM
MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE---WHO
EVER HIT YOU PROBABLY
KNEW THAT!

AND I KNOW WHO
HIT HIM! SLUG MY
POP, WILL THEY?
I'LL GET THE
TRUTH OUT OF
THAT COMMIE
MATA-HARI!

**NO! NUMBER ONE
SON YOUNG AND
FOOLISH--
SUSPICION OF GUILT
NEVER ADEQUATE
FOR CONVICTION!**



SORRY, POP! I DON'T LIKE GOING AGAINST YOUR WISHES, BUT WHEN SOMEBODY HANGS ONE ON MY OLD MAN, AND I KNOW WHO IT IS -- I PAY OFF!

YOU'D BETTER GO AFTER HIM, MR. CHAN -- I'M ON DECK DUTY -- I CAN'T GO BELOW! BUT IF HE BARGES INTO THEIR ROOMS -- IT MEANS TROUBLE!



CHAN RUSHES IN PURSUIT OF HIS HOT-HEADED OFFSPRING, BUT HE IS TOO LATE!

SO THERE YOU ARE! OKAY, YOU GOONS -- WHICH ONE OF YOU SLUGGED MY POP? SPEAK UP, OR DO I START SWINGING?

THAT WOULD BE MOST UNWISE, YOUNG CHAN!



VANYA! IT'S VANYA -- AND SHE'S GOT A GUN! HEAD FOR THE HILLS, POP!



I RATHER THOUGHT YOU WOULD COME HERE, AFTER THE INCIDENT ON DECK, MISTER CHAN! BUT I HARDLY EXPECTED YOUR SON! NOW, IT SEEMS I HAVE YOU BOTH!



AS YOU HAD THE DETECTIVE, LEROY?

LEROY SAW MY MEN PLACING THE BOMB -- QUITE BY ACCIDENT -- SO HE HAD TO DIE! IT WAS UNFORTUNATE FOR US THAT HE LIVED TO REACH YOU!



HOWEVER, ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL! YOU ARE IN MY LITTLE TRAP NOW, AND YOU WILL CAUSE US NO MORE TROUBLE! SHALL WE GO TO SEE THE CAPTAIN?

THE CAPTAIN? ONE WHO HAS PROVEN HERSELF SO CLEVER WOULD NOT BE SO FOOLISH, YOU HAVE ADMITTED GUILT!



ONLY TO YOU! THE CAPTAIN WILL NOT RISK A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT WHEN I TELL HIM THAT YOU BROKE INTO MY QUARTERS BY FORCE! HE WILL NOT DARE! AFTER YOU, MISTER CHAN --



IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN, THE STORY IS SOON TOLD...WITH DIRE RESULTS!

INSPECTOR, I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS, BELIEVE ME! BUT THE ORLOV WOMAN INSISTED THAT YOU BE PLACED IN CONFINEMENT! IF I REFUSED, IT COULD LEAD TO ALL KINDS OF POLITICAL COMPLICATIONS!

I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN...



ONE BY ONE, THE HOURS TICK AWAY--WHILE CHAN SITS SILENTLY ON A BUNK, THINKING--

POP--WHAT CAN I SAY? I'VE TRIED TO TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM THAT I GOT US INTO THIS MESS! AT LEAST--TALK TO ME...

SILENCE HAS NOT BEEN BECAUSE OF ANGER...ONLY FOOL WEEPS OVER BROKEN GLASS WHICH CANNOT BE MENDED! HAVE BEEN MARSHALLING THOUGHTS...



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! YOU GOT A PLAN, POP?

TIME IS MOST INTERESTING PHENOMENON! WILL THEREFORE USE IT TO ADVANTAGE! BUT FIRST, MUST HAVE CREW--MAN TAKE MESSAGE TO CAPTAIN!



MOMENTS AFTER THE MESSAGE IS DELIVERED, THE CAPTAIN ARRIVES. HE LISTENS, THEN DEPARTS--AND FOR FOUR DAYS THE PORTLAND GOES ON---



EVENTUALLY, THE BIG CRUISER TIES UP AT A DOCK IN THE SAN DIEGO NAVY YARD. BUT NO ONE IS TO GO ASHORE QUITE YET--

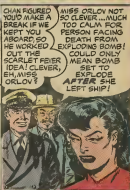
SORRY, MISS ORLOV, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GO ASHORE FOR A WHILE--CAPTAIN'S ORDERS! IT SEEMS WE'VE GOT SCARLET FEVER ABOARD--WE'VE BEEN QUARANTINED!



THE PORTLAND'S GANGPLANK REMAINS UNUSED. THAT NIGHT, ONLY A SEAMAN ON WATCH CAN BE SEEN ON DECK... A SEAMAN--AND FOUR SHADOWS!

I'D TELL MY MAN TO DROP HIS GUN, IF I WERE YOU, MISS ORLOV--THIS DECK IS NOT DIPLOMATIC TERRITORY!





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RIDE 'EM, BIRMINGHAM



"Birmingham! You see mon we follow? Where did he go?"

Charlie Chan spoke the words breathlessly. He and Number One Son had just emerged from the mouth of an alley, running hard. But of the quarry they followed there was no sign. There was only Birmingham, standing beside Chan's parked sedan, where they had left him. Birmingham, who pointed a shaking finger after a moving car far down the block, and whose voice came out in a trembling falsetto.

"Yes, suh! I sho' did. That's him, driving away. But — Mister Chan, that mon had a gun. Seein' as-how he's gain' thataway, let's us go the other way!"

"A gun! Then you were right, Pop!" Number One Son leaped into the car, but Chan did not follow. Not at once. Instead, he turned toward the patrolman who had just rounded the corner.

"Officer! I, am Inspector Chan. Call Headquarters at once. Say that I am following Number One suspect in Banker's Trust holdup. Suspect's car now going North on Cedar Street. Green convertible with black top. No doubt will attempt to leave city."

The words took only seconds to say, but by then the other car was a mere speck. "Bir-

mingham! Get to wheel! We must catch suspect."

Number One son grinned. "What's the matter, Birmingham? Scared? Don't you want to be a hero?"

"No, suh! I don't. But I ain't scared, if that's what you mean." Birmingham slipped behind the wheel and the car took off. "I'm just careful."

It had been only a few moments before that Charlie Chan had spied the suspect and recognized him as a man wanted for holdup and murder. But the mon had been on foot, then. Followed, he had ducked into an alley — and out again. Now, the chase was on, and Number One Son was still grinning.

"Number One Son does not know meaning of fear, Birmingham", Chan commented. "But neither does jackass. Faster!"

Number One Son's grin vanished. Slowly, the gap between the two cars narrowed. Then, suddenly, there was a small town ahead. Both cars had left the city and were now racing through the night in the open. Ahead, the road dipped, curved, and they entered the town.

"Oh, me, ah, my." Birmingham's voice was a croak, this time. "Mister Chan, we've got to

slow down. If we hit that curve at this speed we'll all be flyin'! With harps in our hands!"

"Do not slow down, Suspect will not wait for us."

Birmingham shut his eyes — and pressed harder on the gas pedal. The speedometer hit eighty — ninety. Then 'it was at the curve. It tore around, hit the ridge — and emerged at the edge of town. And the other car was gone. Vanished.

But — cars do not vanish. Chan's car was halfway down the town's main street when the convertible reappeared. It came out of a side street — and its mission was painfully and unavoidably — clear. Like a battering ram, it struck Chan's car dead center. There was a crash, the snarl of breaking glass — then silence. For one minute, two, three . . .

Chan was the first to come back to himself. And across the street was the murderer, in front of a shop on which was a sign: BICYCLES — MOTORCYCLES — REPAIRS. Before the shop stood half a dozen motorcycles — and the sloyer had mounted one and was stepping on the starter.

"So this is Heaven! It shore don't look any different than Brooklyn!" That was Birmingham, just coming too, beside Number One Son, who was also stirring.

Chan leaped to his feet. "Quickly! Suspect thinks to escape on stolen motorcycle. We will follow example. Police Department will

have to repay owner of motorcycles for use of some after we capture sloyer."

In a moment the chase was on again. But this time, Chan and son occupied a motorcycle sidecar — and the chattering of Birmingham's teeth was clearly audible.

"Come on, Birmingham! Step on it." Number One Son was eager . . . and still needing Birmingham. "Heck, you're not worried about one measly killer, are you?" managed a sick grin. "I ain't worryin' about him. All I'm worryin' about is that gun of his."

"Shucks, no. 'Course not." Birmingham Claser — closer — after ten miles, the two cycles were almost neck and neck — and just ahead, there was a road block. The police had gotten Chan's message. But Number One Son had his own ideas about who would make this capture. He rose precariously.

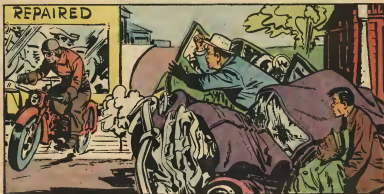
"Birmingham! Get close to him. I'll jump him. Slow down when you're alongside."

Chan reached for his son. "No! Why risk neck to capture jet-propelled murder suspect when road block is just ahead?"

"He might go around it!" Number One Son poised for the leap. "Birmingham! Slow down!"

But — the cycle did not slow down. Birmingham pumped his brakes viciously. Only — nothing happened. "I can't. The brakes don't hold!"

The other cycle drew ahead — and despite his dangerous position, Number One Son hop-



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ped with rage. "He's getting away! You don't fool me! You're just scared! There's nothing wrong with your brakes — Look!"

Ahead, the other cycle had almost reached the roadblock. Then, suddenly, it swerved. It hit the ditch at the side of the road, and passed the roadblock.

"He's passing the block! He'll get away!" Number One Son was yelling now. "And we're going straight for the roadblock! You can stop acting now! You and your brakes. Jam 'em! Jam!"

Charlie Chan gripped his hat brim — and closed his eyes. Because a miracle was happening. Birmingham — Birmingham, of all people — was playing hero. The chauffeur had closed his eyes, too — and was driving straight at the road block.

Crash! The cycle hit. Timber flew like matchsticks — but Birmingham was not yet done. Ahead, the culprit's cycle was just coming back onto the road. Birmingham bore down on him — and circling the roadblock had cost the killer a precious few seconds.

Whom! This time, no timber flew. Instead, two cycles flew. Two cycles — and four men, one of whom landed head first in the ditch, and came awake to find a State Patrolman busily snapping a pair of steel bracelets on his wrists. This was one sloyer who would kill no more.

road, a much bothered Chan and Son were painfully picking themselves off the pavement. Nearby, Birmingham sat on the ground, holding his head.

"Birmingham, are you all right?"

Chan was the first to reach the chauffeur. But Birmingham was okay. He nodded, unable to speak. And suddenly, Number One Son thrust out a hand. "Birmingham, I owe you an apology. And I thought you were a coward. Brother! I'd never have had the nerve to hit that roadblock like you did. I don't mind telling you, I was scared when I yelled for you to jam on your brakes and you kept going."

"Jam on — my brakes?" Birmingham shook his head. "Oh, me, oh, my. Is that what you said?"

"Why, sure." Number One Son squinted suspiciously. "Wait a minute. You are a hero, aren't you? You did run into that roadblock on purpose, didn't you? Isn't that why you didn't listen when I told you to jam on your brakes? When I hollered — jam 'em?"

But Birmingham was no longer listening. He was collapsing, slowly. His voice emerged in a faint whisper just before he went out completely.

"Jam — 'em? I thought you said — jam him."

The excitement was over. But above, on the

The END

TRACER of MISSING PEOPLE

JERRY BENNET, TRACER OF LOST AND MISSING PEOPLE, IS A YOUNG PLEASANT-LOOKING MAN, BEARING NO RESEMBLANCE TO SHERLOCK HOLMES, ALTHOUGH HE HAS OFTEN BEEN CALLED "THE SHERLOCK HOLMES OF OUR DAY"!!



ONE OF HIS FIRST CASES, CONCERNED A BRIDE AND GROOM WHO WERE VERY MUCH IN LOVE! AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY THEY BOARDED A TRAIN BOUND FOR FLORIDA!



UNFORTUNATELY, THE TRAIN THEY WERE ON WAS DERAILED AND A HORRIBLE FATE MET THE PASSENGERS OF THE TRAIN! ALL WERE WOUNDED...MANY DEAD...AND ONE WAS MISSING!



THE YOUNG HUSBAND ESCAPED WITH MINOR INJURIES, BUT HIS LOVELY YOUNG WIFE WAS MISSING! NO TRACE OF HER COULD BE FOUND!



THE YOUNG MAN FELT SURE THAT HIS WIFE STILL LIVED! THE NEXT YEARS HE SPENT GOING FROM DETECTIVE AGENCY TO THE POLICE BEGGING THEM TO FIND HIS WIFE! THEY ALL TRIED BUT WITH NO SUCCESS!



AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS OF FRUITLESS SEARCHING, THE DISTRAUGHT MAN HEARD OF JERRY'S SUCCESS IN CASES LIKE THAT, AND WENT TO HIM! JERRY PROMISED TO TRY TO FIND THE WOMAN!



JERRY KNEW THAT IF THE WOMAN WERE ALIVE, SHE MIGHT BE IN THE VICINITY OF HER HUSBAND'S HOME. IN ORDER TO SEE HIM, EVEN IF HE COULDN'T SEE HER! SHE HAD BEEN A MILLINER BEFORE HER MARRIAGE, SO JERRY TOOK HER PICTURE TO ALL THE MILLINERY SHOPS IN THE AREA!



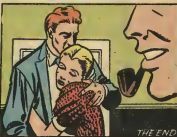
SURE ENOUGH HIS HUNCH PAID OFF! THE BRIDE, NOW A MATURE WOMAN, WAS WORKING IN A NEIGHBORHOOD SHOP! SHE CRIED AND TOLD JERRY HER STORY!



SHE DIDN'T GIVE HER RIGHT NAME AT THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT BECAUSE SHE KNEW SHE'D BE SCARED AND SHE COULDN'T BEAR FOR HER HUSBAND TO SEE HER, ONCE LOVELY FACE!



JERRY BROUGHT THE TWO TOGETHER AND THE HUSBAND REASSURED HIS WIFE THAT HIS LOVE WOULD NEVER DIE! THE CASE WAS CLOSED AND ANOTHER TRIUMPH WAS CHALKED UP TO THAT FAMOUS TRACER OF MISSING PERSONS JERRY BENNET!



THE END

CONSCIENCE KILLED HIM!

ON FEBRUARY 6, 1956, BILL DENNIS, THE MANAGER OF THE MENTER BANK IN COLORADO, GLANCED OUT OF THE WINDOW AND SAW A MAN STARING INSIDE! HE THOUGHT NOTHING OF IT UNTIL A FEW MINUTES LATER...



... THE SAME MAN DANGLED ON A ROPE FROM THE ROOF OF THE BANK AND CLIMBED DOWN IT LIKE A SPIDER!! HE WAS ARMED AND ACTED SO QUICKLY THAT THE BANK PERSONNEL WAS STUNNED INTO OBEDIENCE!



WORKING WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE BANDIT FILLED A BRIEFCASE WITH SMALL BILLS...



THE DARING BANK ROBBER LOCKED THE BANK EMPLOYEES IN THE VAULT AND SMILINGLY LEFT BY THE FRONT DOOR! THE WHOLE JOB TOOK FIFTEEN MINUTES AND NOBODY IN THE STREET WOULD DREAM THAT THIS SMILING MAN HAD JUST ROBBED A BANK!



THE POLICE CHECKED THE FINGERPRINTS THE ROBBER LEFT WITH THEIR FILES, BUT EVIDENTLY THIS WAS THE FIRST CRIME THE BANDIT HAD COMMITTED! RELUCTANTLY THEY CALLED THE CASE...UNSOLVED!



ON FEBRUARY 6, 1946, EXACTLY TEN YEARS LATER, BILL DENNIS GLANCED UP FROM HIS WORK AND SAW THE SAME BANDIT STARING IN AT HIM! HE COULDN'T MISTAKE THAT FACE! QUICKLY HE CALLED THE POLICE, HOPING THEY'D GET THERE BEFORE THE THIEF COULD REPEAT HIS CRIME!



WITHIN TWO MINUTES THE POLICE WERE AT THE SCENE! THE BANDIT ACTED STRANGELY... SHOOTING HIS GUN WILDLY IN THE AIR BUT NOT SHOOTING AT ANYONE!



IGNORING THE POLICE ORDERS TO GIVE UP, THE ROBBER CONTINUED TO SHOOT WILDLY! IN ORDER TO PROTECT INNOCENT LIVES, PATROLMAN CONNERS HAD TO SHOOT THE THIEF! THE FIRST SHOT KILLED HIM!!



THE DEAD MAN WAS IDENTIFIED AS GEORGE NORTON, A HIGHLY RESPECTED BUSINESS MAN OF A NEARBY CITY! THE POLICE WERE BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THAT THE MANAGER HAD BEEN MISTAKEN ABOUT THIS MAN BEING THE ORIGINAL THIEF WHEN THEY FOUND THIS NOTE IN THE MAN'S POCKET....



Ten years ago I robbed this bank in order to pay debts which were unknown to my friends. Since that time I've been tortured by my conscience even though the crime went undetected. The only solution is for me to be punished now for that crime -
George Norton

HIS OWN CONSCIENCE HAD TRAPPED GEORGE NORTON--AND ONCE MORE PROVED THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

The END

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Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



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